We are a few of thoſe collected here
That ruder Tongues diſtinguiſh villager,
And to ſay veritie,and not to fable;
We are a merry rout,or elſe a rable
Or company,or by a figure,*Choris*
That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all
By title Pedagogus,that let fall
The Birch upon the breeches of the ſmall ones,
And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
Doe here preſent this Machine,or this frame,
And daintie Duke,whoſe doughtie diſmall fame
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*,from poſt to pillar
Is blowne abroad;helpe me thy poore well willer,
And with thy twinckling eyes,looke right and ſtraight
Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
Is—now comes in,which being glewd together
Makes Morris,and the cauſe that we came hether.
The body of our ſport of no ſmall ſtudy
I firſt appeare,though rude,and raw, and muddy,
To ſpeake before thy noble grace,this tenner:
At whoſe great feete I offer up my penner.
The next the Lord of May,and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid,and Servingman by night
That ſeeke out ſilent hanging: Then mine Hoſt
And his fat Spowſe,that welcomes to their coſt
The gauled Traveller,and with a beckning
Informes the Tapſter to inflame the reckning:
Then the beaſt eating Clowne,and next the foole,
The *Bavian* with long tayle,and eke long toole,
Cum multis aliijs that make a dance,
Say I,and all ſhall preſently advance.

Theſ. I,I by any meanes,deere Domine.

Per. Produce. *Muſicke Dance.*

Knocke for Schoole. Enter The Dance.

Intrate filij, Come forth,and foot it,
Ladies,if we have beene merry
And have pleaſd thee with a derry,
And a derry,and a downe

Say

Say the Schoolemaſter's no Clowne:
Duke,if we have pleaſd three too
And have done as good Boyes ſhould doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole,and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
Wee'l make thee laugh and all this rout.

Theſ. Take 20.Domine;how does my ſweet heart.

Hip. Never ſo pleaſd Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance,and for a preface I never heard a better.

Theſ. Schoolemaſter, I thanke you, One ſee'em all rewarded.

Per. And heer's ſomething to paint your Pole withall.

Theſ. Now to our ſports againe.

Sch. May the Stag thou hunt'ſt ſtand long.
And thy dogs be ſwift and ſtrong:
May they kill him without lets,
And the Ladies eate his dowſets: Come we are all made.

Winde Hornes.

Dij Deaq; omnes,ye have danc'd rarely wenches. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 7. *Enter Palamon from the Buſh.*

Pal. About this houre my Coſen gave his faith
To viſit me againe,and with him bring
Two Swords,and two good Armors;if he faile
He's neither man,nor Souldier; when he left me
I did not thinke a weeke could have reſtord
My loſt ſtrength to me,I was growne ſo low,
And Creſt-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite*,
Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my ſelfe
With this refreſhing,able once againe
To out dure danger: To delay it longer
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a Swine,to fight
And not a Souldier: Therefore this bleſt morning
Shall be the laſt; and that Sword he refuſes,
If it but hold,I kill him with;tis Iuſtice:
So love,and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arcite.